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THE LESSON OF THE OLDHAM LOCK-OUT.

THE Oldham dispute between the master cotton spinners and their operatives is over. As was generally anticipated it did not last long, and the lapse of a week affording time and leisure for reflection, with the disagreeable experience of an enforced holiday in raw chilly weather, brought about the inevitable result—the re-opening of the mills and the resumption of work. The result of the dispute, and even the preliminaries previous to the actual lock-out, are, upon the whole, creditable both to masters and men, allowing that the demands of the operatives were unreasonably large, and that the attempt of a few firms to lock their "hands" in after the machinery had ceased running was extremely foolish. If operatives are determined not to work, no physical force can compel them to do so, and in more turbulent and unenlightened times than the present, a riot and serious consequences might have ensued under similar circumstances. As things have turned out, the masters from the beginning have acted with much moderation and even consideration, and the operatives with a few exceptions—such as the stopping of one or two mills which continued working last week—with credit.

Let us see what inferences and conclusions are to be drawn from this dispute, and what lessons are to be learned from it. Presuming that the mills will not turn out as much work in fifty-nine hours each week as they did in sixty, we must come to the conclusion at once that the cost of production will be increased and the production at home diminished, and that mill-owners will thus have to contend with foreign competitors who are not under similar restrictions at a disadvantage. We do not say that the world is either better or worse off on this account, but from a spinner's and manufacturer's point of view, we say that they are worse off. For this reason, probably, and from a feeling that they could not submit to be dictated to by their hands, the masters, considering that they had a good and profitable trade in their hands, have shown a greater determination to resist and hold out than the operatives. In our opinion, after having made the operatives an offer of closing at one instead of two, the masters adopted a very proper course in locking out the hands, and the result has proved it so. It soon became apparent that the operatives showed a want of earnestness and unanimity on the question. In fact, there was a listlessness on their part throughout, and had the great majority of them had their own way at first, we doubt whether the lock-out would have occurred at all,—but of that more presently.

Taking into consideration the terrible ordeal which the cotton trade has passed through during the last ten years, and which has impoverished it in the most disastrous manner, the compromise offered by the masters was, in our opinion, a very fair and even liberal one. The argument that because trade is now good, therefore the hands have a claim and right to participate in the improvement, by shortening the hours of labour, is a very weak one. If their wages were reduced while trade was bad, it is only fair and reasonable that they should have their wages restored to their former level, or even advanced beyond it, when trade has recovered. It should be remembered, however, that by improvements in machinery, and, consequently, the power of turning out more work, wages have really risen considerably within the last few years; and probably they are as high, if not higher, in Oldham than in any other town in Lancashire. The matter of wages, however, is not identical with the hours worked per day or week. Wages rise and fall according to circumstances; but once concede two, three, or four hours a week, and it is next to impossible that they could ever be taken back again. We might as well expect to see the Manchester half-holiday given up, or the ten hours' bill repealed. When trade is good and profitable, full time is everything to the manufacturer. When it is bad, and he is losing money fast, the shortening of the hours of work matters little, and he, consequently, has recourse to it by working short time. The first thing which a cotton spinner has to do is, to make his mill pay. It is not only his right, but it is his bounden duty, as a responsible employer of labour, with large commercial engagements, to accumulate capital and fortify his position while trade is good, so that he may be able to resist the evil day when the inevitable period of depression succeeds.

By an almost natural law, caused by the never-ceasing efforts of steam power, machinery, and the room or space which mill owners have at their disposal to accommodate themselves to each other, factories keep perpetually increasing. If a manufacturer has more steam power than he can use, he puts down more machinery. If he has not sufficient steam power, he gets a new engine, and then he has too much steam power; and so on. If trade is good, probably he builds a new mill altogether, and invests his profits in extensions. But this is not sufficient. In addition to the investment of his profits in extended premises, he ought to accumulate cash or other securities, of which he will find the need when he has to carry on a losing business.

If the principle be once admitted that, independent of wages, masters, because their profits are large, ought to yield to the demands of their operatives, and not work the full time prescribed or limited by law—and precedent becomes law—then the mill-owners' rights are infringed upon. We understand that the Oldham operatives already have fourteen holidays in the year. The additional hour per week which the masters have granted them, by way of a compromise, amounts to another week. What would the operatives think, if the masters were to combine together, and say, you shall have no holidays in future, except those prescribed by law—none of your accustomed wakes and Whitsuntide holidays? The hands would scout the proposition; and we cannot say that we should blame them if they did.

We think, then, that in meeting the demands of the operatives to reduce the hours of labour two hours on Saturdays by offering to give them one, with every likelihood that they will have to pay an advance in wages to those who are affected by the curtailment, the masters have acted with unprecedented and remarkable liberality, and the operatives have acted wisely in accepting the offer. Very probably the masters have made the concession with a secret grudge and misgiving about establishing a dangerous precedent, but an Oldham cotton spinner, who is said to be able to live while others starve, may be supposed to know his own business, and is not likely to stick out pedantically for his rights, and let his competitors reap the benefits while he is cutting off his nose to spite his face. No town with a trade in coarse yarns and goods stood its ground so well as Oldham during the Cotton Famine, and we may conclude that it will be prepared to meet a reverse of fortune when that time arrives.

We would fain hope that one result of this dispute may be that we have seen the last of protracted strikes. The moderation shown on both sides will probably be followed elsewhere. It is infectious, and the mild but beneficent contagion will probably spread throughout the district. The trade has been vaccinated, and we may have an easy commercial malady, instead of such a virulent disease as that of the strike or lock-out at Preston, which lasted eight months, which nearly decimated the town, and from the effects of which it has scarcely yet recovered. The principle of having recourse to arbitration has also been admitted; and although arbitration cannot always be acceptable to both sides, it must do much to alleviate the acerbity and virulence of disputes.

That strikes will entirely cease we do not believe. They are lawful, but they are not always expedient. Occasions may arise when, stung by a sense of injustice, operatives may be justified in striking, or masters in locking out their operatives. Had the masters abstained from that course last week, and yielded at once to the demands of their hands, they would have adopted a very suicidal and pusillanimous course. As it is, they have lost a week's profits, and the operatives have forfeited a week's wages, and had a week's holiday. That is already equal to the additional hour which they claimed. It required a very short time of this sort of thing to convince the hands that in exacting the two hours per week they were putting themselves completely in the wrong. Delegates might fulminate, and paid agitators declaim themselves black in the face; factory boys without responsibilities, and an idly-disposed few,

might stick out for the principle of pay without work—for that is really the gist of the matter—but hard-headed men with responsibilities, and women who detest the weekly wages not coming in, knew better. They gladly accepted the compromise, and were probably only too thankful to get it.

One of the greatest evils of strikes in the cotton trade is, that the industrious and hard working many are too often led or rather driven by the hot-headed and undiscriminating few, and it is possible that one result of this lock-out may be, that the quiet, retiring, unobtrusive workmen, who absent themselves from meetings of operatives and leave their affairs in the hands of a few noisy individuals, may have now felt their own power, and summon up courage to raise their voices in favour of their own opinions, when strikes and turn-outs are threatened. The days of intimidation and violence ought to be nearly over. Masters have shown that they are ready to give every consideration to the demands of their operatives. The peaceable man who desires to work has the law on his side. He has public opinion upon his side, and we also believe that he has his own class and associates upon his side.

Oldham has some characteristics peculiar to itself; and these have probably led to an early termination of the dispute. The line of demarcation between masters and operatives is not a hard and fast one. They understand the trade and each other. We have no sentimental notions that masters and servants are, or even ought to be, equal in all respects. Morally speaking, of course, one may be as good as the other. Operatives have their rights and masters have their duties; but masters also have their rights. They have responsibilities on their shoulders as mill-owners, and must see their course clear to meet their engagements, maintain their credit, and be prepared to face adverse times. Had spinners and manufacturers evinced more prudence, saved money, and not built factories and traded beyond their means, they would not have succumbed and failed right and left as they did during the last few years. Oldham cotton spinners are thrifty, skilled in their business, and proverbially keen. We wish we could say they were never unscrupulous. In Oldham there are "swell" spinners, as there are in other places; but even they are racy, and essentially of the soil—and a very clayey, bricky, cottony, coaly, and altogether factory soil it is. Absenteeism on the part of an Oldham mill-owner is almost unknown. An old cotton spinner once told us that a mill-owner ought to live within his lodge gates. If the Oldham spinner does not do this, he does the next thing to it. Many masters can scarcely be distinguished from their servants; and to this day they live in a state of theeing and thouing each other, if not calling one another by their Christian names. Doubtless much of the town's success is owing to the masters' and operatives' intimate knowledge of their business and of each other's requirements and capabilities. With all their theeing and thouing, we believe they have a great respect for each other, which has contributed much to the close of the lock-out. We have seen an Oldham cotton spinner of great wealth, when one of his operatives was not regulating his machine properly, strip his coat, and show the man how to do his work. Thus it is that Oldham has flourished while other towns have gone down.

Coarse spinning has all but disappeared from Manchester, while at Oldham it has increased to a prodigious extent within the last twenty years. With regard to the co-operative mills now at work, we confess that we are not at present prepared to give an opinion. They may thrive or they may not, and with regard to those in existence there seems to be a considerable diversity of opinion. It is not for us to decide when doctors disagree. In Bacup and other places in East Lancashire they are said to have done badly, while others say that in Oldham they have done well. Much must depend upon the skill and honesty of their management, and whether their books are correctly kept and due allowance made for depreciation. We have no faith ourselves in cotton mills being managed by boards of directors. One or two partners may incur speculative and profitable risks which are totally beyond the province of a board of directors. Probably the factory operatives have been considerably influenced of late by highly-coloured statements concerning the profits made by certain co-operative mills, and have been tempted to make demands which the masters did not feel themselves justified in acceeding to.

To sum up, we think we may gather from the late strike or lock-out and its termination, that masters are not bound to yield to extravagant demands on the part of their hands merely because they themselves are at the time making such profits as would enable them to meet such demands.

That an intimate knowledge of their business on the part of masters, and constant contact between themselves and their operatives, diminishes the likelihood of strikes.

That arbitration may for the future be looked upon as likely to assist in the settlement of disputes.

That factory operatives, if they choose, have it in their power to assert their own sentiments and decline to be dictated to by delegates and minorities.

Lastly, that a strike should not be resorted to on the part of the operatives until they have exhausted every other means of obtaining their desires.

MY OWN AND MY NEIGHBOUR'S GARDEN.

DEAR SPHINX,—I believe I may call myself a gardener; at least I am—in a limited sense—master of a piece of ground rather more than a quarter of an acre in extent, on the cultivation of which much time and money have been spent, but not always with the happiest results. I first came into possession of this territory about four years since, and at once announced the fact to my family. A plentiful crop of troubles instantly sprang from my soil. The ladies, with wonderful unanimity, insisted on the beautiful: my own wishes pointed directly to the useful; whilst the junior members, in no way voting with either of the contending factions, revelled in the communistic idea of general spoliation, and in anticipation committed ravages on roses and heliotropes, raspberries and pears.

With a large majority against me, I still resolved to work honestly for the interests of my family. Lettuces were planted round standard roses, strawberry plants put into vacant spots in alarming proximity to ornamental shrubs; peas and beans were sown in what I considered improved distances. My root crops were thinned by my own hands, whilst the trees on the walls were committed to the care of a man who talked so glibly on the subject that I believed him quite a Master of Arts in general, and gardening in particular. The time of fruition came at length. The peas had grown into a pathless jungle; the outer rows of my beans alone enjoyed air and sunshine: a good-sized marble might have been taken as representing the average size of the onions, whilst the roots were nearly as hard, and in shape not unlike the last six inches of my walking stick. Anxious to get all I could out of my land, I got nothing worth having except a barren crop of sad experience.

It must be owned I was somewhat above being taught, and visited the gardens of my friends rather as a critic than a student. Still the reverses of the first campaign, and the doubtful results of the second had in some measure improved my strategy, and on the third, having as I believed, arrived nearly at perfection, I called on my neighbour Mr. Jones, and in the pride of my heart invited him to smoke a cigar and walk round—I meant, admire—my paradise. He stood very high in the opinion of our gardening fraternity; but honours are often bestowed so undeservedly that I was by no means abashed. We were old friends; I had seen his place a hundred times, but failed to appreciate its transcendent excellence. He accepted my invitation; smoked with a placidity by no means expected; talked of politics and social questions; all the while looking about him with a doubtful smile. It was clear he was devoured by jealousy; at last he came to the point. "Very nice," he said, "but packed something like that box of your boy's I saw standing open in the passage, in which cakes and shirts, trousers and tooth brushes, cricket balls and books, boots and a morocco purse, were all jammed up together. I wonder how they will come out." On the point of ordering my dearest friend off the premises, my wrath was suddenly appeased. "You really have displayed considerable ability; deserve credit for boldness of invention, and have done better than I did at first starting. I have already this morning seen one excellent example of what a garden should *not* be. If you will come with me I fancy I can show you what such a place should be." I was flattered; he could not, clearly did not, mean *mine*. No, I should think not. I had done better than he had formerly done. This was manly and honest; it was worth while perhaps to go, for I might pick up a wrinkle or two. The barometer of my vanity was falling rapidly, though I did the best I

could to tap it up, and when I reached my friend's garden felt awfully crestfallen, every atom of self-conceit as completely taken out of me as the grains of corn from a well threshed ear of wheat. Now that my mental eyesight was restored I found I knew nothing, and that I had only wasted time and money. But vanity must be paid for like any other cherished commodity. Jones saw something of this; divined more, and was merciful.

The rest shall be as near as possible in his own words. "Mine," said Jones, "is but a fruit and kitchen garden, and if you will allow me to act as showman in my own caravan, we will go round the walks and look at the trees. Where, when, and how to plant will be quite enough for one morning. Look at the top of the wall; the lower part is tolerably furnished. Wherever there were two feet of brick that would hold a cordon there I planted at once. He is an able performer that has no such vacancies. The best mode of filling such spaces perhaps is with high class rider-cordon pears—that is, trees with slender stocks reaching to within a foot or so of the coping of the wall, and then trained right and left either as single, double, or multiple lines, according to the space at disposal. I know what heavy ropes of fruit may be gathered from such trees, whilst peaches, apricots, or the like, flourish below. You see my borders are not too wide, and that I have no slug preserves in the shape of box edgings, being satisfied with iron. Still these ground cordons—not more than a foot above the surface and each on a single wire—look green and pretty, and yield some of the best fruit I harvest. The reflected heat from the wall, as well as from the soil to which they are so close, help them not a little.

"Outside your garden I noticed a row of palings, leading to some ugly outhouse. Once I should not have dared to remark on the circumstance. (I looked at my mentor appealingly.) Come, and see how I have attempted to make a similar deformity useful, if not ornamental. The rich glossy leaves of these pears the fine slender branches of these morellos, with their heavy promise of bud and blossom, shut out some of the unsightliness. However small or large a garden may be, it is sure to have some half-neglected dependency more or less fenced with wood, iron, brick, or earth, the whole of which can be profitably furnished and easily beautified. Even rabbit-proof wire fences form excellent supports for low espalier pear, apple, or plum trees. Ground game will seldom attack them—never, if the stocks are painted with a thick solution of lime and night-soil. Outhouses and stables are each excellent for fruit trees; the latter is especially, for the animal heat from within is usually an antidote to late frosts; in fact, choice peaches, nectarines, and apricots seem to flourish in such sites better than elsewhere.

"Now for a hint or two how to plant. Every root that has been injured in removal should be neatly cut off, and all vertical roots removed *in toto*. If a brief epitome of this branch of the subject were to be formed it might run something as follows. Plant flat; place the roots horizontally, but with an *upward* direction, not more than from twelve inches to four inches below the surface. Remove all vertical wood. Let the circular pit in which the tree is to be set extend at least six inches beyond the outmost roots, and dispose these as nearly as may be like radii in a circle. The bottom of the bed should be beaten hard with a paviour's rammer: this, if well done, will answer far better than stones or concrete: and lastly, fill in carefully with fine mellow loam. Any ordinary soil will grow fruit trees, but that on which they thrive best is maiden soil from old hill pastures. The time will come, however, when a tree must feel exhaustion from severe cropping; strong decoctions of manure water will prove a sufficient tonic. The mode in which planting is effected makes all the difference between health and disease, failure and success.

"There is no absolute law respecting the quality of fruit. It is a mere matter of taste, and, therefore, must not be disputed, but had better be settled as it were by arbitration between the consumer and his nurseryman. Were I called to decide this nice question, perhaps I might say that among peaches, none are better than the Acton Scott and Dr. Hogg; that amongst nectarines the Pitmaston and Revers' Orange are beyond rivalry, and that the Moor Park is the only apricot."

At this point my friend took up his rake, and made a great show of hard work. I accepted the hint, bade him good-bye, and closed the garden door an altered man. How I had worried this much enduring arboriculturist by my vanity and absurd airs, and how he had repaid me. My first act shall be to discharge the vile pretender, the infernal Mephistophiles that has misguided my youthful trees and the next——. Well, well, on this head perhaps—all things considered—the less said the better.

And now, having confessed my sins, I hereby do penance by standing in a sheet (of white paper) and remain, in much humility of spirit, yours very truly,

RUS IN URBE.

THE SCOTCH SNOB.

WE haven't got a Science of Character yet, but who knows but that we shall have some day? National characteristics form an intensely interesting and attractive study, and how it happens that there are national virtues and national vices, which in the majority of cases are so strongly marked and so peculiarly characteristic as almost to be sufficient alone to define the nativity of individuals, might prove to be a curious and productive inquiry. Most curious of all, perhaps, are the strong contrasts which each nationality presents. Thus the same spirit of enterprise and energy which animates the adventurous and intelligent American, likewise produces the unsubstantial, swaggering, and irreverent Yankee. The same love of domestic pleasures and advanced thought which one finds in the true German household, is seen also developed into the selfish, dogmatic, and gluttonous being who is too often accepted as a type of the sons of Vaterland. Lastly, the spirit of steady caution, diligence, and thrift, which makes the Scottish gentleman a reliable and successful member of any community, is also observed in the unlovely life of the Scottish Snob. It is of this last character that we at present propose to treat. Not that we wish to insinuate that he is representative of the Manchester Scot. We are indebted to that land which is usually spoken of as lying "north of the Tweed" for an extensive supply of citizens; a larger supply indeed than many patriotic natives of the county of Lancaster are disposed to be thankful for, seeing that the immigrants have an apparently irresistible tendency to occupy the most comfortable positions in the land of their adoption, and rarely betray any wish to return to the place of their birth. We must admit, however, that we could ill spare some of them. In the matter of preaching at least, badly off as we are, we should be worse off without the Macs and their fellow-countrymen. It is, therefore, in no fit of Johnsonian prejudice that we write of the Scotch Snob.

He is a most disagreeable creature. There are snobs and snobs, but of all the despicables there is none so disagreeable as he. Your English Snob is an infatuated being rather to be laughed at than hated. His foolishness arises from an incorrect estimate of the value of things, himself included, and an overweening fondness for people who sit in high places. In him snobbishness is simply weakness of understanding. Under the circumstances, one can listen with a proper amount of edified humility to an account of his great friends, and, should the time come when we are considered too small for notice, or our surroundings are such as to render a recognition of our unpretending features undesirable, one can dispense with the acquaintance easily, seeing that the poor thing never had a sufficiency of brains to make companionship with him valuable. He is altogether an amusing object. Not so the Scotch Snob. He is actively and aggressively a nuisance. There is something about him which makes the recollections of one's experiences of him to leave a nauseous feeling behind; the same feeling one has when one makes an unpleasant discovery. What is simplicity in the former is poverty-stricken cunning in the latter. His meanness is not the result of a superficial dandyism, but is part of a plan worked out according to deep-laid principles of self-aggrandizement. Not that he has much intelligence or even sharpness of comprehension. All his actions spring from one or two primal ideas not of the highest character, and his consequent narrowness of vision causes him sometimes to overstep or miss the mark. He has not a receptive mind, and never advances much in his knowledge of mankind. Thus he is prone to suppose that other people have the same ideas of every matter that he himself has, and can never realise the different light in which another may regard the same object, or the different motives by which another may be actuated in relation to the same matter. But he advances slowly with wary steps, and usually attains the end at which he aims. He does not achieve great results; he is incapable of great pleasures. He has a mean ambition to begin with, and he is successful according to its measure.

He is generally the son of needy parents, who have bestowed upon him a reasonable amount of education and then despatched him to England to make his fortune. He is early distinguished by a precocious caution and a readiness to suppose that you intend to impose upon him. Doubtless for the purpose of showing the world that he has true metal in him, and is free from the religious habits of his progenitors, he makes a point of interlarding his conversation with strong language, and frequently introduces the name of his Satanic Majesty as a personal pronoun, evidently believing that such is "the mode." He goes to Kirk regularly and decorously, but will swear in the porch, and converts into an adjective the name of his favourite deity in order adequately to express his appreciation of the sermon. He is very anxious to appear well versed in the habits of good society, but has a never-failing tendency to estimate the pecuniary value of whatever article you show him. In person he is ungainly, and his manners are awkward, but he heightens these effects by a forced boldness and a swaggering walk, as if he pre-supposed that his observers meant to depreciate him. He is ever expecting you to mean more than you say. When you talk to him he is always on the defensive. His rule of equal division may be stated as "two for you and three for me." Indeed a constant consideration of self is the one distinguishing trait of his character, which makes itself evident in his lightest word and most trivial action. He so little affects to conceal this, that one is forced to explain his unblushing conduct by the supposition that he has been educated in the belief that care for one's self is the first sign of good-breeding.

The character of the Scotch Snob may be summed up as an intense and unamiable cynicism. There are two kinds of cynicism. There is the sentiment of the man who has grown weary of the follies and misdeeds of men, and has in his heart an eternal standard of truth and beauty by which he regulates his own actions. This man hates wrong, and is therefore always doing that which is right. His misanthropy arises from his not having found the world without as inviting or pleasant as the world which he has within, or which he finds in the society of a few choice books and one or perhaps two tried friends. He does not trust mankind, but he is always made glad by any unexpected worth which he discovers in man. He is himself the most trustworthy of all men, because he despises everything but truth and kindness. The cynicism of the Scotch Snob is the very reverse of this. He finds no good except in providing for himself. As all such men must be, he is treacherous in the extreme. He does not believe in anything but personal advancement; he does not wish to believe in anything but that. When he left his native land it was with a leading idea of gathering to himself a quantity of Southern money. He adheres to that idea with all the tenacity of his native character, and as he can only at the best carry one or two ideas, every opposing one is excluded. He hasn't the least enthusiasm in any public measure; he never feels called upon to interfere in the interest of any philanthropic movement. The disbursements which he is compelled to make are expended mechanically, and because he sees no help for it. Thus he puts his penny in the plate at Kirk on Sunday without any apparent intelligence in the matter. It never occurs to him that he might put in more than a penny. For any sympathy, or interest, or appreciation that you can awaken in him, for any thought whatever but that of his own interest, you might as well talk to a statue. Indeed you find him to be neither flesh nor blood, but just—bone.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MR. CHARLES HALLE AND MR. DE JONG.

MR. CHARLES HALLE has sent the following circular letter to the gentlemen who have heretofore been members of his orchestra :—

Sir,—Several members of my orchestra having applied to me to ascertain my views with regard to their accepting engagements for a series of Orchestral Concerts, to be given in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, during next season, I think it right to inform you that, should you intend to take part in the proposed concerts, I shall be unable to offer you a re-engagement for my own series. The form of engagement, which you will receive at the usual time, will contain a clause to this effect. Should you be indisposed to accept my engagement on these conditions, I should feel greatly obliged by your letting me know your intention before the 13th inst.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES HALLE.

11, Mansfield Street, 6th May, 1871.

The "series of Orchestral Concerts to be given in the Free Trade Hall next season" is, of course, the series of twenty-five projected by Mr. de Jong, and Mr. Hallé says, in effect, to the members of his band: If you consent to play for Mr. de Jong you can't play for me. You may engage to perform at the Theatres, the Concert Hall, Pomona Gardens—anywhere, in short, except at Mr. de Jong's promenade concerts. The line must be drawn there. The perusal of this singular document will dispel one of the favourite illusions of the Manchester public. They have been led to believe that Mr. Charles Hallé's single-minded ambition in Manchester has been to foster the love of music—to make money if he could, but first and foremost to improve the musical taste of the people, irrespective of personal or pecuniary motives. Well, that notion is destroyed at any rate. Mr. Hallé has proved himself merely mortal after all. Apart from the bad taste of the proceeding, we cannot say that his action is either wise or consistent. It is not wise, because there is no reason to believe that Mr. de Jong's cheap promenade concerts would have competed to any appreciable extent with the dearer classical Thursday concerts, the supporters of which are drawn from a different and more highly cultivated musical section of the public. It is not consistent, because it is well known that Mr. Hallé has no scruple in availing himself of the arrangements of the Concert Hall directors, who pay double his fees, and without whose resources he would probably be unable to secure so large or so good an orchestra for his Thursday concerts. The action he has taken, moreover, will, we believe, fail of its intended effect. M. de Jong's concerts will not be relinquished on account of this piece of professional trades-unionism; Mr. Hallé will lose in public repute and public sympathy just in proportion as one whom he has chosen to regard as an opponent and rival will gain.

THE NEW PORTRAIT AT THE TOWN HALL.

At last the authorities of the Town Hall are to be congratulated on possessing a very valuable work of art, apart from the question of likeness, in the portrait of Mr. Alderman Willert, just completed by Mr. William Percy. Some time ago, when it was first announced that this portrait was to be presented to the Town Hall, we expressed a hope that the commission would be given to Mr. Percy or Mr. G. F. Watts, and not left to the untender mercies of such Royal Academicians as have of late years executed our public men; and are glad that the same feeling existed in the minds of the gentlemen who were appointed to select the artist. By choosing a most characteristic attitude and a very unconventional background, Mr. Percy has produced a picture of the highest artistic merit. The tone and colour are all that can be desired, and, of course, the drawing is irreproachable. Being unquestionably the best portrait in the hall, care should be taken to place it where it can be properly seen, a somewhat difficult matter in those dark rooms. But we hope for better light in the new building in Albert Square, and that we are commencing a new era of taste with regard to our public pictures.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.

We must rejoice over a late dramatic performance which some critics of the London press are bewailing. In it the degradation of the stage appears to have attained its lowest depth. The editor of the silly paper sillily called *Judy*, has taken the Holborn Theatre, and produced a drama of his own, and a burlesque by some other person, in which the art of undress is said to be carried to an unprecedented extent. If that is so, it must be carried very far indeed. However, there is nothing new in that. The novelty, the gratifying novelty, is in the fact that the performance was entirely unsuccessful, and that ere the end of it there was hardly a woman left in the house. The critics then plucked up their feeble courage and denounced the outrage. This is very great news. We feared that London critics had lost all sense of propriety, that London audiences would approve of anything, that nothing would make women leave a theatre, and that the abyss down which the drama has been steadily declining had no bottom. We acknowledge our mistake with devout thankfulness. The bottom of the pit has been attained by Mr. Charles H. Ross, the editor of *Judy*.

MISS NEILSON AND THE CRITICS.

A letter from a correspondent appeared under this heading in our last number. It commenced with a reference to a speech made by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, in which he accused the ministers and the editors of the London Liberal papers of being "all personal

friends;" and then went on to speak of the adulatory criticisms which have appeared in certain metropolitan and provincial journals on the acting of Miss Neilson. This, we are informed, has been interpreted to imply that the notices of Miss Neilson, in the London and provincial press, have been the work of "personal friends." Whether the writer of the letter intended to convey that meaning or not we are unable to say, but we are assured that there is not the slightest truth in any such assumption, and that Miss Neilson has no personal acquaintance whatever with the dramatic critics of the London press.

CHEETHAM HILL.

MOST Manchester residents will scarcely require informing that if they get on the 'bus which starts from the Bull's Head Passage, in Corporation Street, it will take them, if they choose, to Cheetham Hill; but few specimens of the *vivis Mancuniensis* know how interesting a history attaches to that village. Cheetham Hill has a long and honourable story of its own, and our only present regret is that want of space will not permit that story to be told here. It is only possible to indicate, as it were, the heads of the subject.

The district known conventionally as Cheetham Hill lies north-east of a line drawn through Elizabeth Street, and includes Hightown, Tetlow Fold, Crumpsall, part of Broughton Park, and the Village proper. A century ago the village was quite unattached from Manchester, and was a pleasant incident on the way from the latter place to Bury. It had little connection with Manchester, except that the handloom weavers who worked in it went to the town for their warps and weft. Forty years ago it had distinctly assumed the character of a suburb of Manchester; the weavers were few, and as now, most of the inhabitants had business in the town, and resorted to the village as a healthy and handy country residence. At that time the place was a garden, with odd houses, and odd rows of houses, dotted here and there.

Barring the main road to Bury, the place seems never to have been planned, and to this day is as labyrinthian as Knickerbockers' New Amsterdam, planned by the cows. Its streets wind about in the most inconsequential manner. It has short-cut passages with most unpromising beginnings, and many likely-looking roads which turn out to be *impasses*, if we may borrow a much-needed word from the French. Its inhabitants should be pretty good in point of morals and religion. To begin with, there is St. Luke's, built early in the century when taste in church architecture was beginning to revive; then there is St. Mary's, built when the aforesaid taste had somewhat revived, an edifice nearly beautiful, its salient lines Early English, with ornament and tracery of a later period; next St. Mark's, about the most unpretentiously ugly building in the United Kingdom, a horrid brick structure, which would be complimented by being called a barn, and which was built in the heathen period of the Church of England, when the chief gods worshipped in the inland were ugliness, cheapness, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, brandied wines, and—the devil in various *other* shapes; then, a shade better, there is the Wesleyan Chapel, built about eighty years ago, brick and ugly; and lastly, there is rising up in Hightown, a new Church of St. John, which with its parsonage will be an ornament. St. John's is in the early English style, shows great taste, is exceedingly well built, a credit to both architect and builder. It has the merit of being the first church in Manchester whose architect has had the courage and the taste to roof with red tiles instead of cold blue slates; but we hope it will be the last in which the fatal experiment will be tried of putting galvanized iron bars, bound by copper wires, soldered outside, to the lead frames of the windows. Some attempt is here visible to produce an architectural effect by the white stanchions outside the windows, but any electrician will describe the corrosive effect in a shower, when the rain falls on a battery composed of zinc, iron, copper, tin, and lead. Well, to return; besides these places of worship there are several schools, so that education and morality are pretty well provided for. It is simply a duty to say that the manners and customs of the place are accordingly orderly and respectable, the inhabitants highly so.

Let us have a line or two of history. If you turn up Crescent Road, at the corner of the 'bus office, go along on the right hand side until you nearly reach a lane called Humphrey Street, you will find a brick wall round a good-sized garden. That wall encloses a site on which stood, about forty years ago, a timber-framed house, which was the birth-place, and for sometime the residence, of glorious old Humphrey Chetham, whose goodness of heart and soundness of head founded the College and Library at Hunt's Bank. A little further down the same Crescent Road and on the left, is Crumpsall Hall, a mansion about 150 years old, surrounded by a fine plantation, containing a populous rookery; leading up to the house is the remainder of an old avenue of trees. Here lived Wyndham Coke, one of the companions in orgies of the Prince Regent. Gaming and riotous living ruined the unfortunate man in health, mind, and pocket; he came home to Crumpsall, hanged himself there; his estates were sold to pay his debts, and so ends his story.

In the valley behind the house is a farm now belonging to the Crumpsall Workhouse. When that farm was bought by the Union, its occupants were a family named Oldham, which family had lived in and, we believe, owned it for centuries. Our information is that this family were direct representatives of Hugh Oldham, founder of the Manchester Grammar School, who resided there, if he was not born there. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. History reverses as well as repeats itself; one of the latest descendants of the good Bishop Oldham is a member of that ancient and useful craft in the village at this day.

Cheetham Hill seems to have been for centuries celebrated for archery, and there is still a bow and arrow maker's shop here. At least one other old arrow maker lives still in the village, but does not now follow that craft. There is no place in or about the village called the Butts, which seems very strange until explained by the fact that the butts were in Broughton, when all the higher parts of Broughton were a continuation of moor from Kersall. The head-quarters and armoury of the archers of Cheetham Hill was at the Griffin, and nearly opposite, in what was called the Long Row, pulled down lately, lived a century ago, and died seventy-five years ago, an archer who must have been the champion of England. James Rawson, a man in humble life, most likely a weaver or the son of one, as the Long Row was all loom-houses, was so unerring a shot that, whenever and wherever the Cheetham Hill archers went to shoot they always took him with them if they had any fear about the victory. Many wonderful stories of his prowess are still to be heard from the lips of old men in the village, one of which must suffice here. James was shooting a match; his opponent and he had made equal scores, but James had one arrow left. The arrows in the target were so placed across the centre point that, to win, James had to split his opponent's arrow in two to make a centre. This he did, and extinguished the reputation of William Tell thereby. After his death some gentlemen of the village subscribed for a stone over his remains, which lie in St. Mark's churchyard. As a memorial of the old archer's worth, and of the respect in which he was held by his betters, the epitaph is worth copying:—

Here were deposited the
earthly remains of
JAMES RAWSON, who died Oct.
1st, 1795, aged 80 years.
His dexterity as an Archer was
unrivalled; From the age of 16 to 60
he never refused a challenge; nor
ever lost a match.

Grim Death grown jealous of his Art,
His matchless fame to stop,
Relentless aim'd th' unerring dart
And split the Vital Prop.
This favourite son Apollo eyed,
His Virtues to requite,
Convey'd his Spirit to reside,
In beams of endless Light.

To sustain the inner man Cheetham Hill has ample provision in numerous shops containing eatables or drinkables. Among the inns, appropriately first, comes the old Staff of Life, now called the Crumpsall Arms. It is presided over by a lady who a dozen years ago ruled in "the Ditch," and was the cynosure of business men from the Corn and Royal Exchanges, the ceaseless motley throng which on Tuesday and Friday afternoons invades the Spread Eagle.

The Crumpsall Hotel contains a comfortable, old-fashioned smoking room, which is frequented chiefly by old-stagers, quiet, responsible-looking, respectable men, who come regularly, always sit down in the same corner, smoke churchwarden clays, and drink comforting drinks in a solemn and important style. They talk freely and agreeably, settle all things that want putting straight, and compare notes about their gardens and new-laid eggs. Perhaps the favorite topic is gardens and garden produce. Opposite the 'bus office is a public-house which is so modest as not to have up its name. Whatever it may be called now, it used to be the Robin Hood. A more miscellaneous company resorts hither, many wayfarers call in, and expectant 'bus passengers take their nips. Nearer town, on the opposite side, is the Bird-in-Hand, an old house, a favorite place of call for carters for a century nearly. The stocks used to be near this house. In front of it is a watering-trough and rarely does the passer-by fail to see carters' carts baiting at the door.

The aristocratic house of the village is the Griffin, which has been a good old-fashioned hotel for more than a century The Griffin Bowling Green has existed more than that length of time. A dozen years ago the house showed two roofs to the front; the gables are now built up. How many archery and bowling dinners have been held in this house during this and the last centuries, nobody can tell; but the house has long been celebrated for those things, nay still is for bowlers, and for the occasional Friday evening tripe-suppers, formerly a regular institution here. The house, fifty years ago, was a great place of resort of the "quality" of Cheetham Hill. Here great dinner parties and balls were held, and here came the aristocratic old bucks to spend their evenings socially together. The company usually frequenting the house in these days consists of tradesmen, merchants, and that grade of people which, for want of a better word, can only be described as "highly respectable." They spend their leisure time between the bowling green and the bar, and in the latter place seem very happy and sociable, indulging in fun and banter as a relief from politics and literature, and always open to "sell a parcel" to any of their number who can be taken unawares. The worthy landlord not only "keeps a rare store," but he and his lady personally look after the comforts of their visitors, a custom which is now-a-days oftener omitted than honoured by observance, but which when carried out as it is here, lends an additional aroma to your Jamaica or W. M., or whatever you may be inclined to use as a soaker of your clay for the time. Lastly, there is the "Temple," near St. Luke's, quiet looking outside, a snug place inside, patronized by Smedley and Hightown. A racy sort of character about the company meeting here lends sometimes a charm to an hour.

But there are higher things to talk about in Cheetham Hill. Do not the Mayor and the Bishop reside there? And is not Cheetham Hill proud, and justly so, on that account? Are there not artists, journalists, merchant princes, bankers, and goodness knows who besides? The late Mr. Lloyd lived at Greenhill, a fine house now pulled down, its site undergoing excavation for a new road. By the way, it should be mentioned that the church of St. John, in Waterloo Road, already described, is being erected as a memorial of the deceased banker, by his son.

Perhaps no immediate suburb of Manchester has close around it so many beautiful walks as Cheetham Hill. Broughton Park and Heaton Park are close to; and what a splendid road is the Bury Old Road! Half an hour's walk will take one to Kersal Moor or to Queen's Park; in fact, for a pleasant outing you can't go in the wrong direction—unless you turn towards town. The cricketing and bowling greens of the Cheetham Hill Club are pleasantly situated behind St. Mary's Church, and are only spoiled by the ugly back of some ugly brick houses which confront one side of the cricket field. The cricket season here is to be opened by a match this week between Cheetham Hill and Broughton. May the day be fine, and "may we be there to see!"

THE ANGLER IN NORTH WALES.

3, AND LAST.—THE SNOWDON RANGER.

BEDDGELERT lay behind. The road leading to Caernarvon stretched before us like a long line, which we followed till a large circular Lake—on which we had previously determined to spend the day—came in sight. Bending to the left we crossed one or two swampy meadows, white with the cardamine pratense; launched a boat, and commenced business. This lake afforded probably more certain sport than any other in the system, for the trout, though small, are very numerous, and usually rise freely. A man, however, may grow as rich by taking moderate sums at short intervals, as by sitting all day at the receipt of custom and receiving merely one or two heavy orders. We found the particular trade we were developing not only pleasant but profitable, and waxed wealthy, as it were, by a constant influx of small change. Heavier and heavier grew the basket; the breeze held up gallantly, and all went as merrily as a marriage bell. Three or four miles yet lay between us and the Snowdon Ranger. It was time to move, so we beached the boat, divided the spoils, and looked for a moment in each other's face. Shaking our honest comrade by the hand, we received his benediction and parted, probably with mutual regret. We watched his lessening figure as it moved slowly away, and wondered whether it would ever fall to our lot to find old John's equal for honesty and zeal, for worth and intelligence.

As the station to which we were bound forms the *beau ideal* of an angler's resting-place, we will try to paint it. The house, though not large, is very comfortable, and stands a few yards only from the road, which alone separates it from Llyn Cwellyn, whose wavelets breaking on the pebbles make pleasant music through the silent night. Behind it the western spurs of Snowdon rise abruptly, whilst the crags of Mynydd Mawr loom dark and majestic on the opposite shores of the lake. Few people are insensible to beauty, and if Nature's loveliness is ever a source of pleasure, the stranger who halts here for a time ought, indeed, to be pleased. April, May, and June are the best months for this station; the sport, however, was good when we visited it (two years since) in the latter part of September. July and August constitute probably the worst part of the season. Three dozen-and-a-half would constitute a fair day's sport in average spring weather; the boats are excellent, and free to all guests staying at the house. But Llyn Cwellyn is by no means all the angler has to trust to. "The Ranger" provides him other entertainment. He may float over "the pool of the sod," a tarn situated in a mountain hollow near the road leading to the slate quarries of Nantlle, or he may visit the brighter waters, Llyn Flynnon Gwas and Llyn Cwm Dwythwch. Nor is this all; before him lies the solitudes of Mynydd Mawr; while westward extends the varied loveliness of the Pass Drws-y-Coed with its beautiful lakes. We have walked it many a time, but never saw the face of a tourist in this unfrequented district.

The sun had long sunk behind the mountain range on the opposite side of the lake before we sighted our hostelry, and its odours greeted us from afar. Travellers and naturalists are not agreed as to the distances at which a vulture scents the carcase of the dead mule or the stricken deer. Hunger gnawed at our vitals, and when still half a mile

from the Ranger the odour of fried trout and roasting mutton stole sweetly over our senses, and added wings to our feet. Presently a turn in the road hid us from the house, when we fairly took to our heels, lest the vultures at the Ranger should consume the bodies before we could put in a claim to a share of the banquet. That last spurt saved us, for on tearing into the passage we almost knocked down the rosy-cheeked bearer of as pretty a dish of fish as hungry eyes could desire to look on. We dined, and were mollified. Then came the social pipe and confidential communications. We asked what was doing on the lake, and were questioned in turn on what tidings we had to tell. The reader is able to anticipate *our* tale; the news we heard was satisfactory. Llyn Cwellyn was in excellent order; the trout rose fairly, and the result of the day was five dozen and a half to the two rods quartered at the inn.

In the hazy moments immediately preceding sleep. we resolved on an early start, but looking from our windows at five a.m. on the following morning, and finding all the boats lying still on the shingles, whilst the surface of the lake was as smooth as a sheet of plate-glass, we determined to husband our strength, and rest till a more civilized hour. We have turned night into day by the river side as often as most men, and know that such vile practices seldom avail. The fact is, fish rise best between ten a.m. and four p.m., though early and late fishing may and do add a few brace to the creel; still, on the long run, they are bought at a price higher than they are worth. Such at least is our experience. Instead, therefore, of racing each other like rivals, we took our breakfast in good fellowship, and, crossing the road, stepped into our boats, when each man followed his course in peace.

Who could paint in colours, true to life, the repose and delight of such an hour? The brush must be dipped in a thousand delicate tints that would depict them. The love of sport, the luxury of leisure, an appreciation of bright sights and sweet sounds, the cloud on the hill side, the crisp breaking of tiny wavelets against the boat's side must all appear not so much as they are, but as the subtle power of enjoyment idealizes them, and where is the master hand that can deal successfully with such mysteries. We lay no claim to high art, so will change our flies, dismount from Pegasus, which feat we accomplished with remarkable celerity, as the rod of our next neighbour, some half a mile to the southward, was bending in that graceful arch so hateful to an angler's eyes when the said arch does not spring from his own hand.

Unquestionably Llyn Cwellyn forms an excellent station. It is close to the house. The fish are numerous, and the terms moderate. Tal-y-Llyn undoubtedly has the call in public estimation, but we are by no means sure we vote with the majority. All that has been said of the former is applicable to the latter, which is, however, more fished, and this, in our opinion, makes all the difference. But we must return to the business of the hour. Now we drifted down the lake, for the wind was south, with moderate success. Next the eastern shore was tried; then the precipitous western side. One period of the day was agreeably occupied at the point where the main tributary enters. Another was profitably spent where the river breaks away in its hasty flight towards the sea. Longer and longer drew the shadows, but we lingered till the sounds of the bell, tolled for our especial benefit at the door of the inn, warned us home. On our arrival we contributed thirty-seven neat trout to the common stock, stowed away in the larder for future use.

He who sojourns for a week at the Ranger, if so disposed, may each day fish a new water, either lake or river. We were erratic, but not to this extent, and paid two visits to Llyn-y-Yadir, a small boggy tarn on the right of the road, near the head of Drews-y-Coed. It reminded us somewhat of Derryana, lying in the wastes to the south of Waterville Lake, but, whilst lifting the four-ounce trout in the landing net from the former, we could not help sighing over the autumnal glories of the latter, and were on the point of growing discontented when a broad yellow side flashed up at the dropper. He would none of us, however, nor would skill with the fly, or perseverance with the minnow, bring him again to the scratch. That Llyn-y-Gader contains some good trout is certain. We suspect, however, they are few and far between, and would not that any brother of the rod should give them too prominent a place in his day dreams.

When Llyn Cwellyn is at a high spring level the stream that debouches from its northern extremity affords pretty angling, inferior, however, we think to that offered by the lake. In the autumn, after rain, when the sewin are in full run, we should prefer it. Two extensive sheets of water lie at the western end of Drus-y-Coed, and at one period were excellent, both in the commencement and end of the season. Some eighteen or nineteen hundred miners—every soul of them with angling proclivities and worse practices—have damaged their reputation, and reduced a sporting El Dorado to an empty exchequer. But the Ranger is little effected by this state of things, for these waters form only a remote part of his domains, which none but an occasional restless guest would travel so far to visit.

It would be impossible to state absolutely the weekly expenses of an angler in North Wales, for no two men are exactly alike in their habits or requirements. If, however, we give a tariff, compiled from various inn bills, the reader can form a tolerably correct estimate for himself:—Breakfast, 1s. 8d.; lunch, 1s.; dinner, 2s. 10d.; bed, 2s., will certainly embrace a tourist's average and necessary expenses, nor can these terms be deemed extravagant.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THERE could scarcely be a better instance of the change which has passed over the Manchester stage within the last few years than the fact that the production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Prince's Theatre on Monday last was a novelty. Traditions of the famous Miss O'Niel, arrayed in simple book-muslin, have been handed down to us by our grandmothers, and we believe that that most estimable and charitable lady, the Juliet of the last generation, has only lately died. Within our own experience *Romeo and Juliet* was at one time a favourite stock piece on the Manchester stage, and was frequently performed. In the early days of Mr. Charles Kean, long before he startled London by his Louis the Eleventh, he and his subsequent wife, Miss Ellen Tree, used to play Romeo and Juliet in Manchester and Liverpool night after night. We well remember the ardent, impetuous Romeo, dressed in a suit of green velvet; and the exquisite low voice—"a most excellent thing in woman"—of Ellen Tree still lingers in our ears. At the old Theatre Royal the tragedy was revived with great effect by the Anderson and Hammond management, with the stock company, the principal characters being performed by Mr. G. V. Brooke, Mr. Henry Holl and the lovely Julia Bennett. Afterwards Miss Helen Faucit, then in her prime, made her *debût* in Manchester in Juliet, and startled the town, Mr. Brooke playing Romeo with immense power. In fact, great as this actor was in Othello and Sir Giles Overeach, his Romeo in his youthful days was almost equal to these never-to-be-forgotten impersonations. Mr. Charles Pitt and Miss Emmeline Montague (Mrs. Compton) used to perform Romeo and Juliet with great success, and at a later period Mr. Walter Montgomery and Miss Amy Sedgwick were favourite exponents of these characters at the Theatre Royal, Peter Street. There, also, Mr. Henry Vandenhoff, the Mercutio at the Prince's Theatre, frequently played that part. Much as we dislike seeing women perform male parts, the greatest Romeo we ever saw, and we have seen many, was that of Miss Cushman. This was a performance electrifying, startling, and utterly beyond description. By its impetuousity, ardour, and, passion, it carried the audience completely away. The tragedy was produced at the old Queen's Theatre, Miss Cushman playing Romeo, Miss Susan Cushman, Juliet, and "Jim" Browne, Mercutio. Besides these three characters nobody had any pretensions to play, unless it was old George Preston, who growled through the Friar's part in his usual funny style.

There were neither scenery nor dresses fit to be seen, and yet the play produced the most profound impression upon the audience. At the present time there are few Romeos and Juliets to be found. Perhaps the two best exponents of the parts, since Miss Kate Terry retired, are Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin. Mr. Rousby used to play Romeo moderately well when he was at our Theatre Royal. Mrs. Rousby we have not seen as Juliet, but we should imagine she could perform the part successfully.

The tragedy was produced at the Prince's Theatre on Monday night, unostentatiously, and with the usual good taste as regards scenery, dresses, and appointments, which characterize, Mr. Calvert's management. We like Miss Neilson's Juliet better than we did her Rosalind, and in the most difficult passages we like her best. When Miss Neilson comes to plain level speaking she is ineffective. Her voice is wanting in sympathy. In trying, passionate scenes, Miss Neilson rises with the

occasion, and is really effective. Thus in the balcony scene, nothing could have been better than her exclamation—

Art thou not Romeo, *and a Montague?*

The sudden inflexion of the voice at the latter interrogation and frightened gesture of Juliet were startling, and were not lost upon the audience, or at least a portion of it. The scene in which Juliet receives the announcement of Romeo's banishment was also very well played, and the heart-rending scene where the lovers, or rather the newly-married pair, take leave of each other, was well played by both Miss Neilson and Mr. F. B. Warde.

As Mr. Henry Vandenhoff's name is in big letters in the bill we shall go to him next. Mr. Vandenhoff is an old friend, and we don't like to find fault with him, and yet we are about to do so. Mr. Vandenhoff inherits a great name, and one which is always mentioned with respect in Manchester. He is an experienced actor, a scholar, and a Shakesperian student, as witness his altercation with the *Times* newspaper (we think it was the *Times*) about a character which he represented at the Haymarket Theatre many years ago, when Mr. Benjamin Webster revived Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. Mr. Vandenhoff understands Shakespeare, but he evidently thinks his audience does not, and possibly he may be correct. The consequence is that his acting is much too pronounced. He overdoes both Jaques and Mercutio. There is no occasion whatever, and no justification for mimicry and over-elaboration. "Jim" Browne played Mercutio very much better; and, moreover, we have seen Mr. Vandenhoff himself play it very much better. As it is at present, we say it, and we say it with regret, that Mr. Vandenhoff's performance of Mercutio is extremely vulgar. He can play it very well if he chooses, and if he will subdue his redundancy of action he will be better appreciated.

It would scarcely be fair to criticize Mr. F. B. Warde's Romeo. He is young and inexperienced, and is, of course, not to be named with the great exponents of the part whom we have mentioned. Mr. Warde, however, is a modest, unassuming young actor, who is rapidly progressing, and we are glad to say improving, in his profession. His voice is very monotonous, and no doubt Mr. Vandenhoff, who is a master of elocution, could give him a few hints how to use it. Above all, he must get rid of the abominable habit of catching his breath, a practice which Miss Neilson also has, and which ruins every effort of that otherwise excellent actress, Miss Milly Palmer (Mrs. Bandmann). Mr. Warde has a good conception of the part of Romeo. He is deficient in impetuosity, and lacks spontaneity. Without abandon, *i. e.*, the faculty of merging one's personality into the character represented, a characteristic which is so eminent in an actor now in Manchester, Mr. Emery, no performer can be completely successful.

The performance of the other characters calls for little or no comment. Mr. Wainwright's exits and entrances as the fiery Tybalt were something wonderful, but considering his antics in pantomimes as frogs, monsters, and Gorgibusters, he manages serious parts astonishingly well. Miss Neilson appeared before the curtain at the end of each act. Friar Laurence also appeared.

MANCHESTER ARTISTS IN LONDON.

I.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ACCORDING to our annual custom we propose to say a few words about the works of local artists which are exhibited in the several galleries now open in London. Although there is great temptation to indulge in general remarks, or to speak of pictures which are not by Manchester artists, we mean to put the temptation aside, and restrict ourselves to what may be properly the subject of our observation and thought.

There is no reason why our notice of the pictures in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition should occupy much space. Many of these pictures have already been seen at one of our local exhibitions. On entering the first room we have not far to go before we come to Mr. C. A. Duval's portrait of Thomas Henry Lyn, Esq. Here also we find that Mr. J. W. Whittaker, whose name is more associated with the exhibitions of the Old Water Colour Society, has contributed a large oil picture to this year's Academy. It is entitled *A Rough Road o then Moors*, and is a transcript of wild moorland scenery of the kind rendered so familiar to us by this artist in water colour.

We next come to Mr. Joseph Knight's *Salmon Fishing at the Mouth of the Conway*, representing a long stretch of sea and sky, both alike filled with a sense of repose, and in the foreground a boat, in and by which are men engaged in the occupation which gives its name to the picture. The whole is full of atmosphere and light. The same artist exhibits two water-colour pictures—one a single figure of a young girl in a mob cap, styled *Dorothy*, and the other, *Low Tide*, a powerful study of flat shore strewn with large boulders and sea-weed.

Mr. A. H. Marsh is content to be represented by one picture, but this is much more ambitious in character and larger in size than any former work. It is called *The Missing Boats*, and is a lay sermon which might have for its text certain words in Kingsley's ballad of the "Three Fishers." That "men must work and women must weep," is as much the rule of life among the seafaring population of Cullercoats as at other sea-board places. Among the many figures in this composition there is only one man, and he is too aged to help the women who crowd the spot from whence the sea with its track for the missing boats is to be seen. The women are of all ages—from the girl who can scarcely understand the first emotions of love, to the old dame who may have son and grandson upon or, alas! under the waters. Mr. Marsh has evidently bestowed much thought and labour upon this picture, and the figures and draperies are all painted in a most masterly manner.

Mr. C. E. Johnson exhibits three pictures, all sea pieces, to which branch of art he has chiefly devoted himself in late years. His most important work is *The Wooden Walls of Old England*, in which a number of grand old hulls, of a type dear to the nation in Nelson's days lie immense on a placid sea. In *A Doubtful Evening*, *Scotch Herring Boats going Out*, the artist has succeeded in giving a capital rendering of his subject. His third picture he calls *Bringing Home the Burden*; and here again there is good painting of sea and sky, and of the high-laden, home-coming boat.

Mr. S. Sidley has a very good portrait of the rising statesman Mr. Stansfeld. Mr. J. Taylor exhibits a large landscape from his old painting ground, North Wales, entitled *A Mountain Brook*. Mr. J. D. Watson has two important works. *Saved* is an ambitious picture of a wild sea on a wild coast, with a wrecked vessel just seen through the storm haze. This vessel and the rocks are in interest linked together by the rope of a rocket apparatus, along which the "cradle" has come, laden with a swooning lady and child. These are seized and drawn ashore by a stalwart fisherman, who seems scarcely touched by the cruel foam that dashes over him and runs back from the slimy rocks into the still angry sea. *Black to Move* illustrates a game of draughts in a Cullercoats cottage. There is much spirit in this picture, which is almost dramatic in its characterization.

Mr. John Thomson's *Midsummer Eve* shows a quiet mill-dam overshadowed by trees, under a mellow evening effect, and is pervaded by a fine feeling of repose. Mr. Thomson has also a solidly-painted picture called *Ariel Gazelles*. Mr. H. Measham has a fine portrait of Hulet, son of Mr. C. Wilson, which is far from suffering by comparison with the work of portrait painters whose reputation is wide-spread in London. In Mr. Collinson's *Absorbed in Robinson Crusoe*, we have a pleasing picture of a boy reading De Foe's old and ever-young book, as he lies among the heather at the top of a cliff, with a back-ground of sea and distant coast. This artist also sends a small landscape, *Near Arundel*, and a careful study of *Heather*. Mr. W. Bright Morris has four pictures: two in oil—*A Capri Cornfield* and *A Capri Girl*; and two in water colour—*Chiarella*, and a portrait of Miss Beatrice Hunt, a grandaughter of the poet Leigh Hunt.

A Music Piece is a charming painting by Mr. T. Armstrong, representing two ladies, seated in the front of the picture, listening to the playing of a young priest who sits at a harpsichord in the back ground. The whole picture, which is in a light key of colour, is thoroughly well painted. The same artist has a second work, which he calls *Winter*. In this a lady and her young daughter stand by the door-step of their house, watching some birds feed from a dish laid on the ground. The garden is covered deeply with snow, and snow is still falling in flakes around the figures.

In the water-colour room we find Miss A. J. Crozier's *My Doves*, a picture of a young lady standing by an open cage whilst the doves which occupy it are fluttering about her shoulders. The various actions of the birds are very well rendered. *The Golden Age*, by Mr. J. H. Barnes, shows the interior of a cottage with children at play. Mr. Charles Potter has two large and powerful landscapes of Welsh and mountain scenery—*The Grave of Taliesen, the Welsh Bard, Llyn Gerconydd, N.W.*; and *A Wintry Morning, Carnedd Llewellyn, N. W.* Mr. S. Rothwell's *Old Gateway, Verona*, shows us one of those picturesque architectural subjects in which Italian towns are so rich. *Lazy* is the title of a carefully painted picture of a boy lounging listlessly on a chair, by Mr. W. J. Müekley; and the same artist has another water-colour of two children *Watching the Bees*. The last name we come to (for we have thought it best to follow the numerical arrangement of the catalogue) is that of Mr. W. Hull, who exhibits two scenes from the English lake district—*The Lower Fall at Rydal*, and *The Approach to Langdale Pikes and Blea Tarn, from Little Langdale*.

On looking over the list of pictures of which we have been making notes, we find that in the Academy this year nineteen of our local artists are represented, and that collectively they exhibit thirty-four pictures.

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